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Chapter 1: Part 1

Rusty sat at the dining table, frowning down at the printed work sheets in front of him and fingering the pencil.

Homeschooling was hard, even if it meant he didn't have to do as much exercise.

His father, Jake, worked at a company called 'Twoleg Kittypets', and Jake along with his mother Nutmeg expected him to take over the company when he grew up.

"RUSTY!" He looked up to see his sister, Princess, skipping over. "Look! Mother said I got an A on my math."

Rusty smiled half-heartedly. "Great."

Princess slid into the chair next to him. "What is it? What's wrong?"

Rusty sighed and placed his head in his hands. "You know that boarding school, across the forest? I was thinking-"

Princess' eyes were wide. "Rusty, haven't you heard the rumors? Smudge said the students there use the bones of their prey to hunt!"

Rusty blinked at her, willing her to understand but partly knowing that wasn't possible. "I could just take a peek in the forest."

Princess shook her head. "Why?"

"I want to catch something."

"But we have all the food we need from our father's company. We don't need to use the old way of hunting. Besides, do you really want to wear the metal claws? We have all the food we want here."

Princess frowned at Rusty as if he was speaking in a language she

just couldn't understand.

"But-"

"Rusty, have you finished yet?" Nutmeg called from where she was pouring food pellets in bowls for dinner.

"Um, no!" Rusty called back.

"Princess, give me a hand with putting the food on the table," Nutmeg added from where she was trying to carry four bowls. "And Rusty, make sure you have that schoolwork finished by tonight."

Rusty sighed and stuffed the pages in his 'backpack'. Really, since he didn't actually go to school, he didn't quite consider it a backpack.

"It's not really school work if it's not from a school," Rusty started.

"Rusty-"

"You wouldn't have to spend so much time and paper getting schoolwork for me."

"Rusty-"

"And I'd learn lots of important skills."

"Rusty-"

"And I'd learn all sorts of survival and hunting!" Rusty added.

"But what you won't learn is what you really need to learn. How to take over your father's company when you get older." Nutmeg placed one bowl on Jake's spot and one on her own spot while Princess placed one on her spot and one on Rusty's spot.

"Princess is happy with homeschooling. So is every other person in town your age," Nutmeg added.

"At the public school, you'd have to work all day," Princess sighed dramatically.

"It would be worth it," Rusty said hurriedly, trying to convince them

before he lost the argument. "Really, I-"

"Rusty, this is what's best." Nutmeg opened the front door for Jake to come in.

"What's wrong?" Jake asked. "I could hear you arguing from outside the house!"

"I want to go to the public school across the forest." Rusty announced.

Jake took a seat at the dining table next to Princess, Rusty, and Nutmeg.

"It's a boarding school, and it won't teach you what you need to know; how to take over the company." Jake took a bite of the brown pellets. "Besides, the entire town has free food from my company, 'Twoleg Kittypets'."

Rusty looked gloomily at his bowl of pellets.

Food that looks like rabbit droppings.

"But I want to learn to hunt!" Rusty protested.

"Rusty, you have everything you need around you," Princess nudged him, "Why work for something you already have?"

***

Rusty stood at the fence of his backyard, staring into the forest. It was sunset now, and he would have to be in bed before long.

Rusty looked down at his hands, smiling at the metal paws he'd made for himself since Jake and Nutmeg hadn't wanted to buy him real claws for hunting.

I could try to catch a mouse.

Just one. Nobody would even notice it was gone...

Rusty slid over the fence, the decision made, and crept in a crouch

towards a mouse nibbling at a few beech seeds.

Long ago, animals like cows, chickens, sheep, and the sort of large animals humans used to eat had gone extinct, so people had either relied on artificial pellets like the ones Jake's company made, or hunted mice, squirrels, voles, and that sort of things.

Rusty licked his lips.

Almost there now.

He unsheathed his metal claws.

Just a few more fox-tail lengths more...

A grey figure hurtled out of a few bushes, knocking him over. They were wearing metal paws, but the claws were sheathed, thankfully.

Rusty ran for the fence, then whirled around last minute at his attacker.

It was a boy perhaps a few months older than him, with amber yellow eyes and messy grey hair with a grey and white jacket.

"Hello! You put up a good fight, for a kittypet." He said, relaxing.

Rusty sheathed his metal paws, slowly. "Kittypet?" He repeated, confused.

"You know, the people who live in houses and eat pellets and don't hunt or patrol territory." The boy looked expectantly at him. "What's your name?"

Rusty frowned at him and blinked, curious and befuddled at the same time. "My name's Rusty."

He puffed out his chest. "I'm Greypaw. I'm from ThunderClan."

Rusty raised one eyebrow. "ThunderClan?"

Greypaw gaped at him. "Surely you must know the four clans of our school!"

Rusty tilted his head. "You mean you're from the public school across the forest?"

"Well, the main school building is at the center of the forest, but the forest is split into four parts for each of us to hunt and train in. We spend most of our time in the school building and about 2/5 of it in the forest." Greypaw sighed. "I've been doing way too much math homework with Bluestar if I'm using fractions in conversations!"

Rusty looked at him. "So you're in Thunderclan? What are the other clans?"

"RiverClan, WindClan, and ShadowClan," Greypaw explained. "We each have our own principal or leader of each clan. Bluestar's our clan leader."

"And you're an apprentice?"

"That means I'm training to be a warrior. Each apprentice has general classes with others and just one teacher and a private tutor known as their mentor who they train separately with. Poor Ravenpaw got stuck with Tigerclaw as his mentor!"

The bushes shivered behind them, and two adults emerged. One was a tall female with long silver-blue hair and ice blue eyes. The other was a muscular man with a big golden mane and green eyes.

"B-bluestar!" Greypaw blinked in shock. "Lionheart!" Greypaw glanced at Rusty. "He's just a kittypet, he's no threat! He didn't catch any prey!"

Rusty gazed anxiously at Bluestar and Lionheart in front of them.

I hope they believe him...

Chapter 2: Part 1

Rusty couldn't suppress his mix of happiness and niggling anxiety as he slid over the fence back into his backyard.

They had offered to let him join their school!

He couldn't believe his luck.

Princess was in the living room with Nutmeg and Jake, talking rapidly.

Rusty cleared his throat and everyone turned to him.

"I went into the forest."

Princess gaped along with Nutmeg.

"And they invited me to join their school."

Princess's face was lit up. "Oh but that's your dream, Rusty! You should definitely go!"

"But what about the company?" Nutmeg fretted.

"I'm sure they'll teach me some things that will help with it." Rusty tried to convince them without admitting he wanted to have nothing to do with the company when he grew older.

Jake looked thoughtful. "I knew a friend who went there. Talltail, I believe, was his name. I haven't seen him in a long time. I could ask him to keep an eye on you."

Rusty looked at them with a hopeful expression. "So I can go?"

".....Alright, Rusty. You can go."

***

Rusty looked up at the sky. He was supposed to meet Lionheart in the afternoon, but he'd gotten ready early, and was wearing a school uniform, although he hadn't seen Greypaw wear one.

[image]

His best friend, Smudge, walked over, his eyes wide.

"Rusty! Where are you going?"

"I got invited to Warrior Cats High." Rusty explained.

"Don't tell me you're accepting their offer!" Smudge shook his head as if the idea were the most ridiculous thing ever.

"Of course I am! You know I've always wanted to go there, to a real school."

"But we'll never see each other again," Smudge sighed sorrowfully. "At least can we have one more morning together?"

"Of course we can!"

***

Rusty stood beneath the shades of the trees, wearing his metal claws and school uniform. He'd expected Lionheart to be here by no-

Lionheart cleared his throat as he stepped out of the bushes. "You're going to need a lot of training," Lionheart rumbled, "Even a new-born kit could tell I'm here. Can you sense if I'm alone?"

"...Bluestar and Greypaw aren't with you."

Lionheart nodded to the bushes and a warrior stepped out. He had white hair and was looking at Rusty.

"This is Whitestorm." Lionheart introduced.

"Hi! I'm-" Rusty began.

"There will be time for introductions later. For now, we must be going to camp."

Rusty watched them both plunge straight into the bushes, then after a moment of hesitation, chased after them.

To his new school, Warrior Cats High.

Info

Just some quick info. People do not actually die in this AU. The fact is that when someone gets very sick, old, or wounded the character is sent to 'StarClan' which is basically just heaven but since this is humans I can't exactly have people dying all over the place like the actual Erins do. It's just sort of a hotel with all the luxury humans want.

Next, the Dark Forest is a separate campus and 'failed students' or students who've broken a lot of rules (E.G Tigerstar, Hawkfrost etc) are sent to the Dark Forest.

The school is split into 4 parts, the different Clans. Clan leaders are principals, and deputies are vice principals. Students can study at Warrior Cats High for as long as they want, because the students become teachers basically. Private tutors are assigned to 'Apprentices' and once the apprentices become young warriors they only have to attend basic classes that are no longer one on one. Senior warriors do not have to attend these classes but it is optional.

Next, since like I said I can't have people dying all over the place like they are in the books, fighting over territory is now just playing a sport over territory.

Clans are allowed to hold other students hostage in exchange for territory as long as they do not harm them and just like take care of them basically. What they'll do is stick them in someone's dorm or a classroom and just watch them. E.G: Twigpaw being kidnapped.

The Dark Forest is only open at night for obvious reasons.

Because it would be extremely weird for a human to be called 'Bluekit' the school's mascot is, you guessed it, a cat. The names they use are not their real names, just names to show their ranks basically in the school.

Sorry but I'm not naming a human Greykit.

Students grow up in the nursery which is basically a separate building attached to the homeroom (camp) and is technically kindergarten and first grade, second grade, etc.

(I aint throwing 10 year olds into warriors fighting stuff sorry)

There's a separate nursery for each Clan obviously. Students will usually be a part of the Clan that their parents were in. Because many of the people here will be adults, yes, they will have children.

And absolutely no Spottedleaf and Thistleclaw are never ever ever ever getting together nor ever having any kind of relationship. Just no, its not gonna happen.

Becoming an apprentice is based on when you turn 14 or 15. (Parents can choose if they want to hold back their child and wait for them to be a little older because this is humans).

Changing Clans is very very hard.

Medicine cats are the only ones able to speak to the people in StarClan not because they're dead but because medicine cats have special privileges.

SkyClan is a separate school very very very far away.

Rogues are emo gangs and people.

StarClan cannot see the future because humans. They simply have a lot of power over the school, similar to a school board.

Principals or leaders do not actually have nine lives because we're humans. It just means that whenever playing the sport that I haven't made a name for nor designed (please help me all I can think of is American football and I don't even know how to play that) they are able to die nine times and not be sent to StarClan.

(Exceptions include serious injuries while playing such as Tigerstar the 1st.)

Medicine cats have weekly meetings near a pond in the forest where the medicine cat apprentices play skipping stones on the water and the older medicine cats chat and talk.

Gatherings still exist and are still called Gatherings because that's the one normal human-like name I can actually use in Warriors.

(They meet in a great hall at the center of the school.)

Prophecies are just messages from StarClan.

Phones don't exist.

Kittypets are still called Kittypets to make fun of them.

I'm not going to make humans eat mice and voles because I'm not cruel and that's also disgusting.

Medicine cat herbs are still basically the same, except they use actual medicines instead of random leaves people found on the Internet that probably don't actually work in real life.

(The medicine names are still inspired by the herbs because I'm not a doctor and I'm not going to search the internet every time someone has a thorn in their paw).

Feel free to ask Questions about anything I missed and if I think of anything else I'll add it in another Info chapter.

Info

Hiya people. Due to my lack of strength against a monstrosity known as Writer's Block I've decided to split this into multiple stories revolving around the Warriors (as humans, however). Some of these stories will be long chaptered, while others will be short. Each new story will have a new 'Part'. Which means the next story will be Part 2.

Also, I've finally decided on a sport to replace the battles in warriors. Since I know like, 2% of the rules in basketball, I'm going with that, but with a few changes to the rules I can't remember.

The first story will be:

C'mon keep scrolling.

I truly love and admire your dedication to keep scrolling.

You have earned my respect for doing this.

And it is:

Joking, you gotta keep going.

Okay seriously, it's coming.

Well I never told you what was coming exactly.

Okay fine no more jokes.

I'll reveal it in the next chapter :3

Don't worry, you didn't scroll for nothing. The next story will be centered around Frostpaw, the RiverClan medicine cat, and you should probably read A Starless Clan before you read this otherwise you'll have major spoilers.

Or don't, it's your choice.

I warned you.

See you soon :3

13 Reasons Why: Frostpaw

I have never watched the original 13 reasons why nor have I read it (if there's a book of it, I'm not sure).

So please don't expect complete accuracy.

Part 1 will be published soon.

:3

WARNINGS

Thirteen Reasons Why: Frostpaw contains themes including suicide, wounds, self-harm, and death. If you are uncomfortable with any of these, feel free to skip this story.

If any of my other stories in Warrior Cats As Humans contains any of these themes I will place a warning before the story begins.

Your health is what matters most. Always take precautions and take care of yourself.

13 REASONS WHY: FROSTPAW CH:1 PT:2

The school building was unusually silent.

Mistpaw hurried in with Greypaw, trying not to make too much noise as the heels of her shoes thumped quietly against the floor of the main hall. The five wide hallways branched off in front of her in five directions.

Each hallway had the telltale signs of whichever part of the school it led to; Blue banners lined the RiverClan hallway, yellow for ThunderClan, black for ShadowClan, pale beige for WindClan, and green for SkyClan.

Greypaw started walking down the RiverClan hallway. "I can't hear anybody," He commented curiously.

"Usually the halls are bustling with people. Did we miss an announcement or anything?" Mistpaw shrugged. She and Greypaw had gone to their dorm rooms early yesterday to finish off some extra homework from Icewing, but she hadn't thought they would miss anything important; they'd only left about fifteen minutes early.

"Should we go back to the dorm rooms?" Greypaw suggested.

"No, we're already here. Let's just look through some of the classrooms." Mistpaw hurried down the RiverClan hallway, knocking on the first door.

No response.

They both waited uneasily for a few seconds then Mistpaw turned

the door handle and peeked inside.

There were a few personal items on the desks and chairs like pencil cases, metal claws, and papers, but nobody was inside.

"You'd think there'd at least be a teacher here," Greypaw walked inside after his sister, shuffling over to the desk at the front where the teacher usually sat.

"Maybe today was cancelled, and we missed out on the announcement?" She stopped her brother from peering at the answer sheet for a test, pulling him out of the room and wincing as the door squeaked in protest when she shut it.

"But the RiverClan dorms were empty too." Greypaw frowned as he went up to another classroom and stood on his tip toes to look through the window in the door. "This one's empty too."

"We can go and ask Mothwing. She's always in the medicine building." Mistpaw started down the hall again and the pit-pat of Greypaw's shoes told her he was following her. After a few seconds of silence and Greypaw finally added, "And we can ask her how Frostpaw's doing."

Mistpaw nodded quietly and didn't reply, studying the popcorn ceiling and wooden tiles until they came to a flight of stairs going upwards. Neither of them used the railings as they ran up. The second floor was pretty similar to the first; only after taking a left the hallway ended abruptly in two white double doors.

Mistpaw pushed them open and Greypaw caught the door just in time before it shut on him, squeezing in.

"Mothwing?" Mistpaw called for the RiverClan (medicine person? medicine human? medicine doctor? medicine CAT?!) nurse.

Silence.

Mistpaw walked into the first room, glancing around. A floor-to ceiling cabinet was built into the wall with each shelf containing different medicines; a few of them had locks with keys that only Mothwing had. Beside them there were about half a dozen white

beds; the sort of white, clean beds with sheets and thick blankets that were often in hospitals. A rack for curtains lay beside each bed, although they were all pulled back since nobody was in bed.

Across the room was a single door to the nurses' quarters, but it was locked and Mistpaw assumed only Mothwing and Frostpaw would have the keys.

"She isn't here. Maybe we should go to another Clan for help," Greypaw was starting to sound nervous. "Mothwing is always here incase of emergencies."

"Or everyone is just gathered somewhere else," Mistpaw forced confidence into her voice. "We should look outside before bothering another Clan."

Greypaw shrugged as he and Mistpaw left. After a few moments of quiet walking he was the one to break it again.

"I wish Curlfeather was still here. She would know what to do." He told her sullenly. Mistpaw stopped walking for a split-second then continued again.

"That's not possible." She told him curtly.

They fell into a hushed trudge again.

Outside, rain tapped lightly from darkening clouds. It wasn't quite a storm, but it would be soon. At least it covered the bright early morning sun from blinding their eyes. Mistpaw stretched and let her sneakers sink into the muddy grass for a second before continuing.

"We'll look behind the school first," Mistpaw interrupted the stillness, not wanting it to get any more awkward than it already was. "Then we can ask another Clan for help."

It took a heavy ten minutes to walk all the way around the side of the school, and the sticky dark sludge sticking to their shoes didn't help. When they were within a few yards Mistpaw was finally able to make out voices over the thumping rain.

The sound gave her a burst of energy that sent her into a run the

rest of the distance, and Greypaw must have heard it too as he ran. They skidded to a halt as they rounded the edge of the building. Mistpaw put one hand on the wall then immediately removed it when it came away wet with grit and wet soggy leaf pieces.

What looked like the whole of RiverClan was outside, talking in hushed murmurs and quiet whispers. Most of them were dressed in dark clothing and had their heads lowered, gathered in a circle.

Mistpaw stood hesitantly with Greypaw beside her.

"It's like Jayclaw's funeral," Greypaw noted, "They're sitting vigil for someone."

Goosebumps rose on Mistpaw's skin, and not from the cold rain.

Who died?

"Come on." Mistpaw pulled Greypaw forward until they'd joined the crowd. They pushed their way through the wet black jackets and groups of people huddled together until Mistpaw spotted Mothwing's golden head near the back. She squeezed through a clump of warriors talking together to reach her.

Mothwing barely seemed to notice her. Her coat wasn't thick enough for the steadily increasing amount of rain pouring from the sky, and the water would have surely soaked through it. Her blond hair was dripping and a few strands were sticking to her cheeks and forehead.

"Mothwing?" Greypaw asked after a few seconds.

Mistpaw felt the same foreboding goosebumps rise despite trying to reassure herself that it was simply the weather. Mothwing's eyes were hollow and grieving.

"First Willowshine...and now..." Mothwing sighed and looked at them sadly. "You two must be very upset."

Greypaw shifted next to Mistpaw. "Who's vigil is it?" He asked her quietly.

Mothwing's golden eyes flashed pityingly. "You don't know?"

Neither of them said anything.

"Last night, Frostpaw took Deathberries and was found dead in her room."

(Deathberries is a not a berry anymore and is a type of medicine now because reasons)

13 REASONS WHY: FROSTPAW CH:2 PT:2

Mistpaw ran a hand through her hair, watching the thin strands tangle in her fingers. She leaned on the counter in front of the sink, letting the sound of the water running from the tap calm her frayed nerves. Water always calmed her. Usually, anyway. Now, she couldn't stay still. Even small noises made her jumpy.

It had been a week since Frostpaw's death.

Neither Mistpaw nor Greypaw had attended their classes. Mistpaw's mentor Icewing had checked on her on the third day, and Mistpaw assumed Greypaw's mentor had as well.

Just like after Curlfeather.

Icewing had asked if she was okay. How she was feeling. That Frostpaw wouldn't have wanted her to be so upset. But it didn't matter. Not really, anyway.

Mistpaw still grieved.

She hadn't spoken to Greypaw since Frostpaw's death. She knew she should. He was probably in the same state as her. But she couldn't stand the idea of having to leave her dorm room now-it was too soon.

Tomorrow, I'll speak to him.

It was the same thing Mistpaw had told herself yesterday. And the

day before. Sometimes, she couldn't bear to face the truth.

She turned off the tap and the light, clicking the bathroom door shut behind her carefully so as not to make any loud noise. Then she turned around.

Her room was, she knew, a mess.

The pillows, papers, and all other things she could get her hands on at the time were still on the floor where she'd thrown them in her anger at how unfair everything was. Her sheets and blankets were ruffled and on the floor. Speaking of which, the ground wasn't any better. Mistpaw had to tiptoe around the pencils, pens, specifically the sharp metal claws, notebooks, pieces of tape, and whatever else had found it's way there.

Then she dropped onto her bed to lie again. One of her pillows plopped to the ground. Mistpaw didn't have the energy to reach for it.

First, her mother. Then her sister.

Would Greypaw be next?

Mistpaw shuddered and clung to her remaining pillow fiercely.

No, I won't let him leave me too.

Her chest felt hollow. As if someone had reached in with a shovel and scooped it out like the sandpits she used to play in, reaching until the gritty bottom appeared. Mistpaw closed her eyes, trying to remember the last time she'd done that.

She decided the memory had to be from when she was still in the nursery, because when she strained hard enough she could just see a blurry outline of someone watching her play beside Curlfeather.

It had to be Jayclaw.

She couldn't make out what he looked like, and his figure was starting to look more and more like a figment of her imagination the longer she studied it, so she focused on there rest of the

memory. The sandpit was rectangular shaped, with red wall lining it that were just a little taller than her toddler knees, but still short enough so she could climb out without Curlfeather's help.

Her nails had grains of sand clinging in them, but she hadn't been worried about that. She would wash it out later, along with the sand that was itching her terribly in her shoes. Instead, she was focused on making a pit as deep as possible until her fingertips could touch the bottom. There wasn't really a reason that she wanted to reach the bottom; she just did.

Sometimes things that make you happy don't need a reason, Mistpaw reflected.

She could feel that she wasn't digging alone. In her mind she could just see other pairs of hands reaching down alongside her, scooping sand in both their hands and shovels. Mistpaw remembered lifting her head up to rub sand off of her palms and she stared at the two people digging beside her in her mind.

Greypaw was to her right- or rather, Greykit- as he hurriedly cupped sand in his hands and dropped it beside him before quickly scooping it again, trying not to let the sand slide back into their hole. And failing.

But it made him happy, and Mistpaw could just distantly recall her own bubbly happiness as she eagerly looked for the bottom.

Frostkit was to her left, and Mistpaw forced herself to keep watching instead of opening her eyes.

Frostkit was the one using the shovel, meticulously scooping and dropping the sand, careful not to get any in her eyes or back in the hole. Her hair was pushed back by a headband and was straightened. Her blue eyes shone as she pointed her small finger.

"I can see the bottom! Mistpaw, keep digging." Frostkit squealed.

Mistpaw remembered feeling almost annoyed her sister was bossing her around.

She would do anything to have her boss her around again.

❄❄❄❄❄

Mistpaw's hunger was what finally dragged her out of bed. She didn't want to look like a half-dead zombie, even though the bags under her eyes were too heavy and dark to hide. She brushed out her hair instead and gathered enough energy to make herself look presentable before trudging out of the dorm room.

She realized too late that her clothes weren't suitable for the frigid weather and kept walking. The path from the building with the dorms to the school wasn't too far, and it wasn't snowing, but Mistpaw was still shivering and rubbing her hands together by the time she got to the door.

The main hall was much more populated than on the day of Frostpaw's death, and she suppressed the irritation simmering through her.

It wasn't fair that people were talking and laughing together. That they were blissfully ignorant, or not close enough to Frostpaw to care.

But then, the other Clans wouldn't have to grieve for Frostpaw. RiverClan didn't grieve for their students.

Mistpaw shrugged off the thought and walked down the RiverClan hallway. It was much quieter here, at least. RiverClan students walked slower, talking to each other in low voices.

She knew it was unlikely, but she still hoped Greypaw would be there when she got to the RiverClan common room, or RiverClan camp as students had affectionately named it.

She almost stopped when she saw Splashtail talking breezily to Podlight as if nothing had happened.

And he called himself Frostpaw's best friend!

Mistpaw suppressed a sneer. Splashtail caught her watching him and stopped talking to Podlight.

Mistpaw had always found Splashtail rather unsettling. He acted

dark and brooding, lingering in hallways with eerie grey-green eyes like a foggy morning that trailed after students and sent cold shivers that racked over Mistpaw. He always had dark circles under his eyes, as if he hadn't slept all night.

Which I probably look like too now, Mistpaw thought ruefully.

Even when Splashtail occasionally looked like he'd been sleeping, he still seemed to have a permanent shadow swept over his expression.

Mistpaw hated him. She hated him for now, she hated him for what he'd done, and most of all she hated him for what he did to Frostpaw.

Splashtail turned away from her and continued speaking to Podlight, in a lower tone that Mistpaw couldn't hear.

She didn't have time for Splashtail.

She just wished she had believed Frostpaw about him.

Instead Mistpaw kept walking until she reached the RiverClan camp.

Students were lounging in chairs and sofas, sitting under the windows that flitted all over the room and cast a greyish glow through the tinted glass. The large four foot and a half tall fireplace near the center of the room where several students huddled together cast the other parts of the room in an orange light.

Across the room a few Warriors carried some food out of the common room to the Elder's Den and the Nursery down the hallway. The smell of the encouraged Mistpaw to keep going until she was stopped by Icewing.

"Mistpaw," Icewing hurried up to her. "It's good to see you outside of your dorm room. How are you feeling?"

Hungry.

Mistpaw shrugged and focused her gaze on Icewing instead of the

warm food. "I'm okay."

"Did you speak to Greypaw yet? I haven't seen him."

Oh fox-dung.

"Um..."

Mistpaw glanced at the counter behind Icewing where warriors were getting their meals.

"I was going to bring him some breakfast."

"How will you get it through the cold? It looks like it might start snowing any minute." Icewing frowned.

"Oh, then I'll speak to him after I eat."

The response seemed to satisfy Icewing, who followed her even as Mistpaw sat down to eat. Mistpaw chewed and looked out the window, nodding distractedly as Icewing updated her on everything that had happened.

She didn't want to listen. It felt like she was betraying Frostpaw to talk about news and things that wouldn't affect her anymore. But Icewing was also trying to cheer her up and change Mistpaw's mood.

This managed to both irritate Mistpaw and comfort her.

She didn't want to stop grieving Frostpaw. She didn't want to let go and forget about her. It felt like she didn't care about her. Even if Mistpaw knew it wasn't true.

"RiverClan still doesn't have a principal or deputy," Icewing told her, "And Mothwing is too overwhelmed by having to organize patrols and be an acting leader while being the only medicine cat in RiverClan. We've already established that Owlnose would be a terrible principal and Splashtail is too young, even if he was his deputy."

Icewing sighed. "You missed the Gathering yesterday but Tigerstar

was suggesting he ***help*** us until our situation is fixed."

This finally caught Mistpaw's attention and she looked up at Icewing. "He's just upset after Rowankit was sent to StarClan. That be following in his Grandfather's footsteps. Tigerstar wouldn't do that. Would he?"

Icewing brightened when Mistpaw actually payed attention to the conversation. "We're not sure."

Icewing lost Mistpaw's interest however when she started talking about possible candidates for their principal and deputy. Mistpaw's mind drifted back to Tigerstar.

He's grieving for his son. I didn't really care then, Mistpaw admitted to herself guiltily, *but I do now. He misses him, just like how I miss Frostpaw.*

She stood up after a few minutes, and Icewing's gaze followed her. "Are you going to speak to Greypaw now?"

Mistpaw nodded.

Icewing gave her a warm blink and Mistpaw placed her dishes on the counter. As usual, after just one meal the counter was loaded with dirty dishes.

It just served to make Mistpaw pity whoever had to wash them even more. It usually rotated between apprentices and young warriors, and took hours to finish.

Mistpaw walked out of the RiverClan camp, following the passage out into the main hall. Most Clan students were entering to get away from the cold rather than going outside. Mistpaw searched for Greypaw among them hopefully, but she knew it was reasonable for him to still be in his dorm.

She peered outside through a window and bit back a groan. Snowflakes flew down angelically to make thick mounds of white sheets to cover the grass. Frost edged along the window which even radiated cold. At the far edge of the clearing students on patrols were wearing clothes much more suitable for the weather as they

disappeared into RiverClan's section of the forest.

Meanwhile, Mistpaw was running through the snow to the dorm rooms.

Curse the mouse-brain who made the dormitories far away from the school!

Mistpaw huffed cold puffs of air and crunched snow underneath her shoes. She practically threw the door open and jumped inside, shutting it behind her. She spent a solid five minutes shaking snow out of her shoes and rubbing her hands together as the snow on her clothes melted before she went upstairs. The RiverClan dormitories were on the second floor, while the unlucky SkyClan students had to walk all the way to the top.

Sure, the view was nice, but it was a lot of exercise.

Mistpaw turned to the left to the apprentice dormitories and stopped at Greypaw's. But her gaze was on the door next to his.

Frostpaw had only briefly slept in the dorm room when she had thought of training as a warrior but she had gone back to the medicine den soon after.

Would she have stayed a warrior? If she hadn't...

Mistpaw stopped the thought abruptly and studied Frostpaw's door. It looked like most off RiverClan had thrown and taped papers at it. Most of the papers were cards, although a few of them were simply, 'we miss you' or 'rest in peace'. All of them were generic, if Mistpaw was being honest.

Love you, miss you, rest in peace, but none of it really made a difference. Frostpaw would never read them. They would be thrown away once a new apprentice took her dorm.

Mistpaw looked away and knocked on Greypaw's door.

"Breezeheart?"

He sounded tired. Mistpaw pushed away her guilt for not speaking

to him earlier and knocked again.

"It's me Mistpaw."

There was some shuffling while Mistpaw waited.

Doesn't he want to speak to me? Is he angry with me?

Mistpaw's heart dropped disappointedly, then lifted again as Greypaw's door finally opened.

"Hi," Greypaw told her awkwardly.

Mistpaw almost asked him how he was doing but she didn't want to sound like Breezeheart and changed her mind.

"Have you gone out yet?"

Greypaw nodded as Mistpaw went inside.

His room was messy, but at least not as bad as hers. Mistpaw took it as a good sign.

"When?" They both took seats on his bed.

"Yesterday. I talked to Rapidpaw and Troutpaw." Greypaw explained.

Mistpaw blinked at him in surprise. "What made you leave?"

"I was hungry." He smiled only a little awkwardly. "The food from the vending machines in the dorms wasn't enough."

"How are Rapidpaw and Troutpaw?" Mistpaw asked him.

"They're fine. They miss Frostpaw too."

Mistpaw stopped.

"And they said we'll always miss her. But it's just because we love her." Greypaw looked at Mistpaw seriously.

Mistpaw changed the subject before Greypaw could continue. "Has

Breezeheart given you any work or patrols?"

"No. He's giving me some days off the mourn just like Icewing." Greypaw shook his head.

"Have you done anything else?" Mistpaw asked after a few seconds, trying to keep the conversation going.

Greypaw was silent for a few seconds, and Mistpaw started to wonder if he'd heard her.

"Greypaw-"

"Owlnose gave me something." He said, his voice serious again.

"When?"

"Yesterday. When I talked to Rapidpaw and Troutpaw." Greypaw stood up and Mistpaw watched him, puzzled. He shuffled through the mess on his desk until he'd pulled out something small and black. It looked like one of those old cassette tapes to Mistpaw.

"Owlnose gave you that?" Mistpaw repeated doubtfully. "Is it for a class or something? Did you listen to it?"

"No. I-it's..." He looked down at the tape.

"Greypaw?"

"Do you want me to play it for you?"

"You're not telling me what it is." She crossed her arms.

Greypaw didn't answer her. He just stared at her with empty blue eyes. "Please listen to it for me. I can't-" He looked down at the tape in his hands. "I can't."

"Just tell me what it is." Mistpaw repeated, trying not to get irritated with her brother.

"It's about Frostpaw." He told her quietly. "I just need you to listen to it for me. Please."

Mistpaw stared at him, unable to understand why he acted so scared of such a small thing.

If it really is that bad, I can just pretend I listened to it.

"Okay. Give it to me."

Greypaw seemed all too happy to thrust the tape into her hands. "I'm going to get something to eat for breakfast."

"Do you want me to come with you?" Mistpaw asked him, and he turned to look at her happily.

"Yes," He shrugged to Mistpaw. "But it's snowing really heavily. You should probably change."

Mistpaw rolled her eyes. "I ***know***."

❄❄❄❄❄

Mistpaw left Greypaw's room for him to change and went down the hallway to her own room, shutting the door behind her. She stared at her room flatly for a few seconds then began picking things up. Firstly, she gathered the sheets of paper from the floor on her desk in a pile. Otherwise the heavily damaged papers, snapped pencils, and crushed pencils were stuffed into her already overflowing trash.

I'll take it out when I come back with Greypaw.

Furthermore her sheets and blankets needed to be washed, so she carried them to the laundry room on the RiverClan floor. Floatpaw was the only other person there, but she didn't say anything to Mistpaw.

Once there were fresh sheets on the bed, Mistpaw finally changed her clothes into something warmer to go out in. She couldn't find any gloves for a full five minutes of searching until she found them stuck between the folds of her chair. Mid-putting one glove on her gaze drifted to the black cassette tape she'd busily dropped on her desk.

She didn't have a cassette player but she could probably find one in

the storage room behind the RiverClan camp while Greypaw was eating. She'd found a trumpet there once.

Hesitating for a few seconds, Mistpaw stared at it. It felt strangely precious and unprotected in her room without her guarding it, and before she could overthink herself, Mistpaw stuffed it in her pocket.

Greypaw's knock on the door disrupted her thoughts and she hurried to the door.

"Hi," Greypaw told her, sounding just a little more cheerful than when she'd first spoken to him, which only served to make her more guilty she hadn't spoken to him earlier. "Did you eat already?"

Mistpaw shut the door behind her as she followed Greypaw down the stairs. "I ate before I came to talk to you." She almost considered asking him if he had a cassette player for the tape, but it felt like a forbidden topic, and she didn't want to upset Greypaw.

"Did you speak to Icewing?" Greypaw held the door open for her and she breathed in the crisp cold air.

"Yeah, she told me about the principal issue," Mistpaw stomped through the snow beside Greypaw. "RiverClan still doesn't have a principal, because Splashtail is too young and Owlnose clearly isn't the right person. Plus StarClan hasn't sent any word on who should be the next principal or deputy."

"Some board of education they are," Greypaw rolled his eyes, "Do they think Mothwing can handle everything forever?"

"They probably don't know either." Mistpaw huffed out and watched the icy cloud puff in front of her.

"Icewing would be a good leader," Greypaw suggested, speeding up his pace to get out of the cold.

"Maybe, but she's getting old and she might retire soon," Mistpaw hurried to keep up with her brother, "Besides, while I'm sure she'd love to help her Clan, I'm not sure if she really wants to be a leader."

"She's good at it." Greypaw pointed out as he kicked snow off the clear stone path to the school.

"Mothwing is too, but she'd a nurse." Mistpaw ran up the last few yards to the door and held it open for Greypaw.

Greypaw stamped snow off his shoes and Mistpaw followed him before shutting the door. The main hall was quieter than it had been in the early morning, since most people were outside, in classes, or in their section of the school.

Mistpaw walked up the hallway with Greypaw, and they both took off their jackets and gloves in the RiverClan camp since it was too hot from the fireplace. Mistpaw watched him grab a meal and only left to go to the storage room when she saw him talking to Troutpaw.

She walked to the back of the room and twisted the doorknob, stepping inside. It wasn't as dusty as you'd think, since people went in often to look for spare items. It was small, about two or three times the size of a walk-in-closet. The walls were lined with built in drawers, and boxes were piled inside. Mistpaw looked through the boxes first, since the newer items were usually there and there was only about a dozen of them or so.

The first box contained empty spare notebooks and school supplies, and the same for the second box. The third box had a few worn and slightly rusted but still useable metal claws, but the fourth just seemed like a random mishmash of objects. Mistpaw shifted through them until she found a cassette player she could fit in the pocket of her jeans.

Afterwards Mistpaw closed the boxes and put them back in the pile she'd found them in, and opened the storage door, colliding with someone else. She stumbled back and blinked in surprise.

"Oh, I didn't see you. Sorry." She apologized. Duskfur didn't seem to mind and just waved one hand.

"Apprentices these days are always running somewhere."

"Sorry," Mistpaw repeated as she left. Greypaw was almost finished eating but he looked happier than he had since Frostpaw's death talking and playing chess with Troutpaw, so she let him be and just grabbed her jacket and gloves before leaving.

The halls were a little more crowded but most people were busy doing something so Mistpaw didn't have to squeeze through. She ran all the way to the dorms, adrenaline that came rushing from it.

Minnowtail was leaving to go on patrol and held the door open for Mistpaw.

"Thanks," Mistpaw puffed, out of breath from running. She went upstairs to the RiverClan floor and locked her door behind her, changing her stuffy warm clothes before she dropped onto her bed.

She still missed Frostpaw, obviously, but it was easier to distract herself than lie thinking about her sister. She sat up before she could dwell on it any longer and fished the cassette player out of her pocket, setting it on her desk and sitting on her chair. Then she took out the cassette and carefully inserted it, listening.

'Hello.'

Mistpaw froze at her voice. She knew that voice.

'My name is Frostpaw. And this is the first reason why I died.'

Mistpaw's breathing stopped.

'Welcome to your tape, Owlnose Mallow.'

(I had to actually search who Owlnose's parents were for this. Y'all I'm just putting part of their parent's names as their last names I aint coming up with last names here)

13 REASONS WHY: FROSTPAW CH:3 PT:2

Mistpaw yanked out the tape and resisted the strong urge to throw it at a wall, leave, and pretend it didn't exist. Or throw it away.

Owlnose gave Greypaw this? ***Why?***

Mistpaw held it safely away from her as if it might burst to life on its own.

Frostpaw recorded these? About her death?

Mistpaw looked a little closer at the tape. The small number '1' was scribbled on the top in Frostpaw's handwriting with a red marker. Mistpaw thought it over for a few seconds then stuffed the tape into her pocket and got up, going to the right side of the RiverClan dorm rooms. She'd been to Owlnose's room before to ask about some homework she'd forgotten, although she couldn't remember if it was the 17th or the 27th.

She decided to try both.

Hopefully it'd be the 17th to save from an awkward explanation Mistpaw didn't want to go through. Sneezecloud was leaving the 16th room and gave Mistpaw a 'what in StarClan's name are you doing here' flat look before leaving.

She ignored Sneezecloud and knocked on the 17th door twice. When nothing happened she knocked again. After someone yelled a decidedly rude 'get lost' to her Mistpaw moved on to the 27th room.

Nothing happened.

Mistpaw crossed her arms irritably and turned back to walk to the apprentices' dorm rooms. If Owlnose wasn't in his dorm room then it meant she had mistaken his dorm number, he was on patrol, or he was in the main building.

Mistpaw did ***not*** want to have to go all the way there through the snow and then spend possibly hours looking for him in crowded school hallways.

That left Greypaw to ask about the tapes, but upsetting her brother even more after she'd just managed to moderately lighten his mood wasn't really something she wanted to do.

Mistpaw trudged back to her dorm and locked it behind her, sitting down to look at the tape again. There was a number one on this tape and Frostpaw had called it the 'first reason why she died' so there were probably more tapes.

Part of Mistpaw wanted to listen to Frostpaw's tape. Another more reasonable part of her didn't want break down crying.

Mistpaw put one hand on the tape and looked at the writing on it. When had Frostpaw even recorded these? When she'd been gathering herbs? When she'd been recovering? How long had her sister been *planning* to do it? How long had she *known*?

She sat quietly staring at the tape sitting innocently on her desk. From how the beginning of the tape sounded Frostpaw had recorded it quietly, enough so that Mistpaw could hold it up to her ear without anyone else hearing.

She could probably listen to it without Greypaw or Floatpaw hearing her from the rooms next to her. Her fingers twitched to the play button. She hesitated for a few more seconds then got up and picked up the tape gently, as if it were a fragile toy that could break

from even a loud noise.

Sitting on the bed, Mistpaw pulled a blanket over her head to block out any noise, just in case. She lifted the tape up to her ear.

Then she pressed play.

❄❄❄❄❄

Greypaw left the school building with Rapidpaw in the afternoon after they'd had a walk through the forest. It had gotten too cold to stay out, so Rapidpaw had suggested they go back to the dorms.

Besides, neither of them wanted to slip on the snow and burden Mothwing even more with injuries. She was already grieving for Frostpaw while handling all the duties as the principal of RiverClan.

Greypaw listened to the sound of snow crumbling underneath his and Rapidpaw's boots for a while as the trees thinned out more and more until he could make out the white clearing up ahead.

"I'm sorry about your sister," Rapidpaw told him quietly after a few minutes of walking.

Greypaw nodded. It got awkward when someone told him something like that. He didn't really know what to say back. He couldn't exactly thank someone, but he didn't want to talk about Frostpaw now.

Greypaw picked up the pace to get out of the frigid weather sooner. "Leafbare came soon this year, I think," he changed the subject. "It's usually not snowing this much at this time of the year."

Rapidpaw nodded, hurrying to catch up. "Heavenpelt said the same thing."

Greypaw steered the conversation away from Frostpaw as they reached the building for the dorm rooms. He ran up the stairs with Rapidpaw to warm up and paused as they turned to the left. It could have been anything; a light breeze or just a small shuffle.

But he was sure he'd heard Frostpaw speaking. And that meant

Mistpaw was listening to the tape. Greypaw turned around and went to Rapidpaw's dorm instead, who thankfully didn't question it.

Mistpaw needed to listen to the tapes.

❄❄❄❄❄

'Welcome to your tape Owlnose Mallow.'

Mistpaw held still.

Owlnose? What did he ever do to Frostpaw?

'To be fair to you Owlnose, you never did anything wrong. You were never outright rude. You never really stuck out to me in any bad way.'

'So let me explain why you're here,' Frostpaw breathed out. *'Since Mothwing had rejected StarClan when she was just a 'paw, they weren't on good terms with her. They refused to speak with her. So I was their only connection to RiverClan. I was RiverClan's last hope.*

'When Mistystar and Reedwhisker both left to StarClan without a word I was the only one authorized to speak to StarClan. It was up to me to decide on a new leader for RiverClan. And I thought I could. StarClan spoke to me and gave me...' Frostpaw stopped and her voice trailed away. Mistpaw waited for a few seconds, and before she could check to see if the tape was over, Frostpaw started speaking again. *'They gave me a sign. They told me who our new leader was going to be. I had succeeded. I had lived up to my Clan's expectations.'*

'I was going to save my Clan and everything would go back to the way it was,' Frostpaw fell silent again, and this time Mistpaw waited patiently for her to speak again. *'I had the perfect person to be leader for RiverClan. Curlfeather was patient and loyal and dedicated. She would become Curlstar from StarClan, and I had fixed everything.'*

'I don't know how everything fell apart so fast-' Frostpaw choked on her words as if she was physically pained to speak. *'It wasn't your fault Owlnose. You never had anything to do with Curlfeather's death. I've tried so hard to remember that night. But everything is so blurry and hard and I can't focus on anything-'* Frostpaw sucked in a breath and stayed silent until her breathing steadied.

'Mothwing told me it was okay. That it wasn't my fault. That a lot of people couldn't remember traumatic scenes. That it was my mind's way of protecting myself,' She added angrily. When she started speaking again she had calmed down. *'But I knew what had happened. I had let StarClan down. I had let my Clan down. I had led my mother to my death. It was my fault.'*

'Mothwing insisted I keep trying. That I speak to StarClan. So I did. And at first, I didn't know what they meant to 'look beyond the obvious choices'. And then I thought of you, Owlnose. You were perfect,' Frostpaw sighed and Mistpaw could just see her distressed expression in her head.

'And I was so sure. I was so sure I had found RiverClan's new leader. But it wasn't your fault. I don't want you to be upset. You were being honest with yourself. You weren't meant to be RiverClan's next leader.' She stopped speaking for a full minute afterwards. *'If anybody had to take the blame, it was my fault. I tried and failed to find RiverClan a leader. I was wrong. And I'm sorry to you Owlnose. You didn't deserve to be forced into a position like that.*

'But I knew after I messed up with picking you as RiverClan's leader that nobody believed me anymore. I heard their whispers. Their doubts. They didn't believe in me anymore. And I- I didn't believe in myself anymore. It wasn't your fault that you weren't meant to be RiverClan's leader, Owlnose. I-'

Mistpaw's door shook violently, and the RiverClan apprentice almost fell off of her bed. She shut off the cassette tape hurriedly shoving it in her pocket as she stumbled to her door. It swung open almost as soon as she had unlocked it.

"Greypaw, what are you-"

"Tigerstar is trying to take over RiverClan!" Greypaw panted. "Duskfur sent me back to get all the RiverClan warriors and apprentices in the dorm rooms."

Mistpaw stared at him overwhelmed. "W-what?"

Greypaw pulled her downstairs and raced down the path with her.

Up the path, Mistpaw could see people fighting through the doors. (Yes, actually fighting and not my invented sport mishmash).

Mistpaw almost tripped over a pile of snow as Greypaw tugged her inside. It looked like most of the fighting had finished, and ShadowClan had clearly won. Duskfur looked furious, cradling her wounded pride and multiple injuries.

"Mothwing, please check on your wounded warriors. Puddleshine will help," Tigerstar told her calmly, as if he was discussing the weather. "Is there anyone who isn't injured too badly to go on patrol?"

Mistpaw watched the RiverClan warriors scowl wordlessly at Tigerstar. Splashtail looked around nodding smugly at the cats who ignored Tigerstar.

"You aren't our Clan leader," Splashtail snapped. "Nobody is going to listen to you."

Tigerstar glared at them, one eye twitching. Mistpaw thought he looked remarkably less calm when Dovewing wasn't around.

"You need to cooperate. I'm not trying to take over. I'm just trying to help you all until you can find yourselves a leader." Tigerstar huffed irritably.

"It looks like a takeover." Greypaw whispered.

Mistpaw wanted to disagree, but the injuries on her clanmates spoke for themselves.

Tigerstar had taken over RiverClan.

❄❄❄❄❄

Shorter chapter than I wanted to write but hopefully the next one will be longer.

13 REASONS WHY: FROSTPAW CH:4 PT:2

Mistpaw helped Duskfur up the stairs slowly, step by step. She was trying to avoid the cobwebs and little drops of blood from other people, but Duskfur didn't seem as bothered as she was. By the time they reached the top, Mistpaw could hear Mothwing bustling through the doors without even entering.

She held open the door for Duskfur as the old senior warrior hobbled in, so slowly Mistpaw almost didn't notice the little black tape in her pocket. Then, before common sense could make her question herself, Mistpaw shot her hand forward and snagged it, stuffing it it away in her pocket with the other tape.

Afterwards she shot her gaze up, and froze as she stared at Mothwing, who looked right back at her.

Did she see me?

Mistpaw couldn't tell from the way Mothwing was blinking at her.

"Well? Come on and help Duskfur here." Mothwing told her and Mistpaw just hid her relief.

Duskfur stumbled onto one of the white beds and Mistpaw backed away awkwardly as Mothwing checked Duskfur's injuries. The tape she'd taken from Duskfur was burning a hole into her pocket. As soon as Mothwing's back was turned to her, Mistpaw hurried out the door, cursing whatever company decided to make shoes so loud.

Greypaw was out on patrol, so Mistpaw didn't have to worry about him. Instead she bolted out the school doors before anyone could call after her.

It was snowing again, flaky white thin clouds speeding down before melting away like the sun after dark. They fluttered down angelically, before landing on the already growing piles. Mistpaw ran down the path and breathed in the sharp cold air. It stung her lungs and refreshed her at the same time.

She shook snow off her clothes and went up the stairs to the RiverClan dorms. Avoiding Frostpaw's door, she headed to her own and shut it behind her.

Her nerves sparked as she took out the tape from Duskfur and glanced at the number taped to it. A three was scribbled onto it in Frostpaw's handwriting.

I'll ask Greypaw for the second tape.

Mistpaw reached to take Owlnose's tape out, then froze when her fingers brushed empty air.

What?!

She pulled her pockets inside out, shook her jacket, and went through her room again. The first tape was gone.

The player was still on her bed where she'd left it, and nothing else seemed disturbed. She could have easily dropped it while running. Or Greypaw could've taken it back. He'd been the only one close enough to do it.

Either way, she still had this tape. Mistpaw weighed it in her hands for a few seconds anxiously before she sat down and picked up the player. She pressed play and listened fearfully.

Frostpaw's voice sounded through the speaker. She sounded hesitant. *'This is your tape...'*

'Splashtail Heaven.'

(WHAT ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO CALL HIM?! SPLASHTAIL SNEEZE?! WHAT DO I DO WITH CATS LIKE SNEEZECLOUD AND HEAVENPELT?!)

❄❄❄❄❄

Greypaw was bringing food to the injured warriors. He balanced a bowl of Voleerios (I tried ok!?!!! and it's honey flavored, not vole flavored that's ew) and two plates of toast in his arms. He subconsciously stepped to the side so Shadowsight could pass, his mind buzzing back to the tape in his pocket.

Had it been wrong to take it?

He'd been putting it off for long enough. He needed to listen to the tape. Frostpaw had wanted him to, even if ***he*** didn't want to.

He nudged the door open with his foot and walked inside Mothwing's office slowly, trying not to spill the cereal. Mothwing glanced up for a half second and gave him a tiny nod before she returned to Nightsky's wound.

Greypaw slid the food next to the bed's and flexed his aching fingers- they'd been going numb. He left Mothwing and found Troutpaw eating in the common room. Greypaw sat down in front of him.

"Where's Floatpaw?"

Troutpaw shrugged, glaring at the ShadowClan warriors mingling in the common room. "Probably on patrol."

"Can I borrow your cassette player?" Greypaw asked finally, not wanting to push the subject off for much longer. Troutpaw didn't know about the tapes, but he was the only person Greypaw knew who had a player other than Mistpaw.

Troutpaw raised his brow curiously. "Sure. I'll drop it off by your room today." He shrugged.

Greypaw thanked him awkwardly and left before he could ask what he needed a cassette player to listen to.

He was done putting it off.

He needed to listen to the tape.

A.N: I swear the next chapter WILL be longer I know I said that last time but I MEAN IT THIS TIME.

ANNOUNCEMENT

FINALLY NO LONGER ON HIATUS NOW THAT FINAL EXAMS ARE OVER!!! YESSS!!!

I'm baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack and updates are coming back :D

This Story Is Not Dead

It's not dead, it's me who's dead.

I got the flu and the moment I recovered I got a cold, and after that an ear infection, and plus I lost my voice today.

Yes, it sucks, I'm sorry for the lack of updates, I'm trying. Be back when I can.

13 REASONS WHY: FROSTPAW CH:5 PT:2

Mistpaw didn't pause the tape this time.

'You tried to kill me.'

Mistpaw froze.

'In fact, I doubt you'll listen to this. If you do, you'll destroy it. I saw you there, Splashtail. You lied to me,' Frostpaw's voice trembled. *'Over and over again. You- you were the only one who knew where I'd be that day.'*

'I'd bet you were glad too, when I was gone.' Her voice turned bitterly angry. *'You always-'*

Her voice cracked and she stopped speaking. Mistpaw leaned forward until she could feel the tape brushing against her ear, as if afraid she would miss something. After a few seconds of uncertainty, wondering if it had broken or something, Frostpaw's voice came back.

❄❄❄❄❄

Footsteps thudded harshly on the floor. The tiles creaked in protest, refusing to be ignored. But the person wasn't interested. They were searching through the room, but their movements were erratic and frantic.

"Where is it?"

She flicked on the light switch she'd forgotten to turn on. "Where-"

"Perhaps you misplaced it?" He sounded surprisingly calm, compared to the other.

"Don't you doubt me, you-" She started angrily, but he interrupted her before she could finish.

"Oh, I'm not doubting you." He raised his hands in a peaceful surrender. "But after the battle...you easily could have dropped it."

She paused, grumbling to herself. "I might have dropped it somewhere..."

"And the others?"

A shake of her head. "I've kept them safe. But..."

He stepped towards the doorway with a flick of his hand. "Don't worry about the one you lost."

"I'll get it back."

***

A.N: I'M SO SORRY I KNOW THIS CHAPTER IS SO SHORT I JUST DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME AND I FOUND IT IN MY DRAFTS AND FELT TERRIBLE REMEMBERING HOW LITTLE I UPDATED I SWEAR LONGER CHAPTERS ARE COMING!!!

ideas

sorry, does anyone have any ideas for the front cover? I can't draw humans without them coming out as my sleep paralysis demon's sleep paralysis demon, so...

IAMALIVE

I

AM

ALIVEEEEEEEEEE

Nope, this isn't discontinued, no, I aint dead, and YES there will be more chapters.

YESIMSTILL ALIVE

ITS JUST FINAL EXAMS I SWEAR IM STILL ALIVE THIS IS NOT DISCONTINUEDDDDDDDD WE WILL BE BACKKKKKK

OKAYFORREALWE'REBACKTHISTIM

MY FINAL EXAMS ARE OVERRRRRRRR AND I AM
BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACKKKKKKKKKKKK

13 REASONS WHY: FROSTPAW CH:6 PT:2

"After it happened...I wasn't sure...I mean...I couldn't remember- the lights, the sounds, everything...but I know it was y-"

Another voice interrupts Frostpaw, quiet like they're speaking from a distance.

"Frostpaw! Are you awake?"

Mistpaw presses the tape closer. It sounds like Mothwing...but that-

"I'm coming!" Frostpaw's voice responds, then -click- the tape ends. Frustration gnaws at Mistpaw's nerves. What had she been about to say? What did Splashtail do? Had she been talking about...

Mistpaw's phone rang (phones exist now because im the author and if you have a problem with this go make your own fanfiction and write a chapter after months of writers block and several breakdowns), the same annoying ringtone she'd chosen seven months ago and forgotten to change. She considered ignoring it, but it was Icewing, and since the tape had ended, she didn't have much to do anyway.

"...Mistpaw..." Icewing's voice was surprisingly soft when she answered. Almost...pitiful.

It gave her chills.

"...could you...come down to the main building?"

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

Blood pounded in Mistpaw's ears.

"It's urgent."

❄❄❄❄❄

Greypaw checked his watch as he stood somewhat awkwardly by the edges of the RiverClan common room. Mistpaw was busy listening to a tape, according to the text she'd sent him. Floatpaw, Rapidpaw, and Troutpaw were out with their mentors, and so were Breezeheard and Icewing. There wasn't much for him to do, really, so he just quietly existed and sat by the window.

Snowflakes were falling from the sky again. Greypaw personally liked snow- aside from the cold, obviously. Snowflakes were tiny and delicate and intricately detailed all the same. During summer he liked to search up pictures of them on the internet and draw them- not that his drawings were good, but they were getting better.

Winter meant snow was available at any time to look at. A timeless, blank white show out every window.

Something- or someone, entered the mostly empty common room. Greypaw peeked over the edge of the sofa he was sitting behind and spotted Fognose. Apparently he didn't move back to his hiding spot fast enough because the latter approached him.

"I'm sorry about Frostpaw," Was the first thing Fognose said as she sat on the large windowsill opposite him.

Greypaw refrained from pointing out that he'd heard that same sentence more than a dozen times so far, and at no point had it been comforting whatsoever.

"..."

Greypaw allowed the awkward silence to drag out. Maybe this would encourage Fognose to give up. Heavenpelt was across the common room in the kitchen area washing a few bowls and spoons at the sink, but too far away to overhear their conversation. Greypaw privately wondered why Fognose didn't go strike a conversation with her mother instead.

"How've you been doing?" Fognose asked after a few seconds because she was completely unable to take a hint.

Oh, great. I'm just peachy. I'm in a wonderful mood. It's not like I'm upset at all by Frostpaw's death! No, no, I'm in a lovely conversational mood, please ask more questions! It's not like I was hoping for peace and quiet or anything.

"...fine." Greypaw replied.

Fognose blinked at the window like she was puzzling over how on earth it could be more entertaining than speaking to her. "You don't sound fine."

"..."

Great job for noticing, here's a free ticket to StarClan!

"Do you...want to talk about it?" Fognose said after no reply came from Greypaw.

Oh yeah. I've just been waiting for an opportunity to chat about my feelings all day.

"No." Greypaw cleared his throat, trying to loudly send a hint without speaking. It was nice that Fognose was being so uncharacteristically interested in his well-being and all, but...no.

"Ah. Okay."

Greypaw waited for Fognose to stand up and leave.

She didn't.

He sighed.

"...I read a book today." Fognose began.

Oh my, you read a book? I didn't know it was possible to read books. How shocking. Well done for you. Greypaw thought immediately and regretted it. Fognose was trying her best.

"I heard if you fold a thousand cranes you get to make a wish." Fognose continued. Greypaw finally turned his gaze away from the window to stare at her blankly. He had a terrible feeling about where this was going.

"Do you want to do it?"

Greypaw tried his best to make a deadpan expression. "That's not real."

"Yeah. But it's fun to do it, and who knows? Maybe it will come true." Fognose smiled.

Greypaw decided his deadpan expression must not have been deadpan enough . He tried harder. Maybe it would prevent Fognose from asking the horrible question he knew was approaching.

"Do you want to try it?"

No.

Greypaw's brain said immediately.

"Okay." Said his irrational, stupid mouth.

❄❄❄❄❄

Greypaw's fingers were dead. They were buried. Turned into a corpse. Burnt.

One hundred paper cranes in and the reason for his hatred for oragami returned. Stupid paper.

"It's easy," Fognose had lied sweetly.

Greypaw felt murderous.

First of all, it was a waste of time. Greypaw could be doing a million other things besides torturing his fingers. Second of all, FOGNOSE WOULDN'T SHUT UP. Her chattering had continued since the moment they started and Greypaw seriously considered pretending to be sick and hiding in the bathroom. Third and worst of all...

Oragami.

Greypaw hated it. He wanted to scream and throw the paper every time he followed the instructions just right and it came out looking like a scrunched up burger wrapper.

He'd actually done like...fifteen of the one hundred paper cranes. Fognose's cranes looked significantly better and neat. Greypaw's stood beside her like they'd been through fourteen car accidents and a fight with Tigerstar.

You don't have to read this btw:

"...so back when I was Lizardtail's apprentice as a 'paw, my first winter in the forest was really terrible. It was *so* cold, and I felt like the day would never end. But Heavenpelt made me hot chocolate when I came back, and I swear it was the best hot chocolate I'd ever tasted in my life, and we had those mini-marshmallows and whipped cream that we rarely get from that store near Purdy's place because it's so far away. I finished the last of it though, Splashtail was so mad it was hilarious honestly. We have hot chocolate now if you'd like me to make some, although we don't have any whipped cream, I think we have like four marshmallows left though. We also have instant ramen if you'd like that, but it's all beef flavor and I hate the beef flavor the chicken flavored ramen is way better. I finished the whipped cream yesterday sorry, I shared it with Rapidpaw- we both ate it with our waffles. We ate strawberries too though, just to be, like, healthy. I personally don't like strawberries that much, I tend to prefer blueberries and blackberries what about you? Rapidpaw hates strawberries but I made him eat them anyway with his whipped cream because the elders are always complaining about how unhealthy our meals are all the time. Oh speaking of the elders, Icewing mentioned that she's thinking of moving to the elder's den soon. I didn't think she would, since she's still mentoring

Mistpaw, though I guess she'll only move once Mistpaw's a warrior. Still, what a surprise! Oh, and did you notice the ShadowClan warriors nearby? I keep spotting them, it's so annoying, like Tigerstar thinks he can take over Riverclan. Anyway I found some really pretty rocks when I went for a walk the other day in the forest. They were kind of buried in the snow so I had to dig a bit, but I spotted them and they're a lovely shape plus the color's like a red-blue, and it's soooo pretty. Like, I had to collect them. I'm thinking of making a small rock collection, just to keep some in like a shoebox or something." Fognose takes a deep breath and Greypaw relishes the momentary bliss.

"I could probably find a better place to keep them in the Storage room though right? Like, some shelves or something that I could hang on my wall to put them on. I saw Mistpaw go into the storage room recently to get something, what did she get?"

Greypaw placed a crumpled paper crane that looked like it had been stepped on next to one of Fognose's. "She got a tape player."

"A tape player? Why?" Fognose very very magically created a normal looking paper crane that put Greypaw's to shame.

"Uh, to play some tapes that I gave her." Greypaw stretched, resisting the urge to yawn. Sitting on the floor for an hour listening to Fognose was really painful. "I took the tapes back though." Well, he was going to anyway. He'd ask Mistpaw for it later when he was free from Fognose.

You don't have to read this btw:

"Oh, cool! I used to collect tapes, but I got rid of most of them because I couldn't find a tape player, I wonder what they said. Maybe I can find them again and borrow Mistpaw's tape player, do you think she would mind that? I don't think so. Mistpaw's usually pretty chill with sharing things, right? Could you ask her for me? Thanks. Oh, I remember one of the tapes I had was like an audio thing of a read aloud of like a book or something, I'm not sure what the book was about though. I think it was, like, about a siren or mermaids or something in the ocean? Like, I don't remember the name of it though. I'll try to find it again! Just not an audio book I

think, I'll try to find the book text version, that should be fun to read, plus I remember the plot was super interesting, so reading it should be kind of nostalgic you know? Remind me of the past. Speaking of the past I blah blah blah blah blah..."

Greypaw tuned her out quickly, making a half-hearted attempt to fold another paper crane and rapidly giving up.

Fognose's phone vibrates on the floor next to them, pausing the youtube tutorial on paper cranes she had opened.

THANK STARCLAN!

"Oh, I have to go..." Fognose sounded so disappointed Greypaw almost felt bad. "It was nice talking to you! You can put the paper cranes in the storage room and we can finish some other time yeah?"

Greypaw prayed he would die before that time came.

"Yeah, okay. Bye Fognose." Greypaw waved, waiting until she'd disappeared out the homeroom's doorway.

Then he piled all the paper cranes into his arms and dumped them in a random box in the storage room. He also made sure to hide the box under several other boxes and a blanket. If Fognose couldn't find where they'd left off, he wouldn't be forced to continue...probably. He hoped so anyway. After a pause, Greypaw stuffed one of his paper craned in his pocket. Just one, as a reminder to never attempt oragami again.

Footsteps came from outside the storage room in the common, like someone had entered.

Greypaw froze.

Not Fognose again!

He poked his head out the door worriedly, scanning the room.

Splashtail and Podlight sat a few chairs away from the door, talking quietly. Splashtail's phone lay in his hand, screen on but too far

away to see.

"Did you find it?" Podlight asked.

Greypaw stepped forward to open the door.

"This is so stupid. Who leaves tapes around after they die anyway?" Podlight complained.

Greypaw froze.

Is he talking about Frostpaw...?

"I don't know. It's good that she's gone now, but the problems she left behind are exhausting." Splashtail tapped his phone as it started to dull, like he was waiting for a call.

What?

Good that she's gone?

Greypaw blinked blanky at the wall.

He pushed open the door.

Both Splashtail and Podlight stopped talking.

They stared at him.

He stared back.

"Clench your teeth." Greypaw said.

"What?" Splashtail frowned. "What are y-"

Greypaw punched his face.

There was a satisfying crunch followed by a burst of red as his flesh bounced and pressed, then Splashtail was howling and reeling back.

Not once in his life had Greypaw actually punched a clanmate in the face before.

It was very rewarding now though.

Podlight jumped forward to check on Splashtail- so Greypaw took the opportunity to bolt and run out the door while his body was fully intact.

That was when the reality began to melt in.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

Sure- Splashtail had deserved it. And sure, it probably wasn't too terrible.

BUT I JUST PUNCHED A WARRIOR!

Greypaw darted down the hallway, sneakers squeaking against the floor. It would probably be best to avoid Podlight and especially Splashtail for now.

Continuous snow rained down from the clouds above, white and fluffy. It drifted down and caught on his hair and clothes. Ice crunched underneath his shoes. It sounded sort of like... an asmr video. The dark trees caught up to him ahead as he entered the woods.

I'll just wander the forest a bit...then return to the dorms after Splashtail and Podlight have probably cooled off.

He stepped past the treeline.

13 REASONS WHY: FROSTPAW CH:7 PT:2

Ice and snow crunched beneath Greypaw's shoes. The trees overhead created a dark leafy rooftop, blocking out the cloudy sun overhead. Shadows flickered over his face as tinted sunlight peeked through the cracks.

This was a terrible idea. I'm cold, hungry, and my shoes are full of snow. I hate wet socks.

Crunch.

And I hate the sound of snow underfoot.

Greypaw stopped walking.

Crunch.

The crunching continued.

But he wasn't moving.

Snap.

A twig? Probably by a squirrel or something...probably...

Nobody would be out here anyway, unless it was Splashtail and Podlight.

Greypaw picked up the pace.

They wouldn't be able to find him here. The forest was too big.

Right?

***

Mistpaw made her way down the stairs of the dorm building. Wood bent and creaked angrily beneath her feet. How old was the building anyway? She guessed two decades, or more. An elder or senior warrior would probably know.

The thoughts buzzed through her mind. A distraction, because thinking about what was coming next was too much.

Nothing's happened.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

I'm going to go outside, into the forest, and whatever it is will be something light and I'll laugh about how foolish I was to worry.

Everything.

Is.

Fine.

"Mistpaw, are you-" Havenpelt started, stepped forward, shook her head, and turned back around. "...Nevermind."

She stared after her as the older warrior disappeared down a turn in the hallway.

"Everything is fine."

Mistpaw opened the front door and listened for the loud thump as it swung open. Icy wind assaulted her, fresh and stinging. There was something about cold weather, something like coffee, that jolted you awake as it met you. Like it was telling her to wake up, and-

Everything is fine.

Mistpaw shoved her hands deep in her pockets. Snowflakes battered her jacket in a flurry of white, like lotus petals. She'd grown a lotus flower before. Well- hadn't grown it, exactly, but on a yearly school field trip, there had been one growing in a pond outside the hotel the class had stayed in.

She'd peered at it everyday, because there weren't really lotus flowers growing near the school, and it was pretty and sharp and strange and, when she touched it, unusually smooth. On the last day of the trip, an animal had knocked it over and crushed it on the grass. Mistpaw had looked at the broken flower and looked for a few seconds.

Then she continued and pushed the broken flower around from crevice to crevice of her mind until it didn't exist anymore. Because problems and thoughts were easier to push aside than think about, and thinking about it made you slowly sink, sink, deeper into those kinds of thoughts. The thoughts that felt sticky and made you feel like you were covered in thick, heavy honey.

So Mistpaw didn't think. She used her phone on the bus ride home and folded paper oragami with Frostpaw out of their homework because it was boring and she didn't want to be covered in honey.

Nobody wanted to be covered in thick honey.

So they pushed it aside and pretended it didn't exist.

Until there was no honey at all.

Mistpaw looked up and found herself already at the edge of the treeline. She imagined Greypaw in her place, looked up at the dark, dark tall trees as they looked down at her, insignificant as she was in comparison.

"Mistpaw?" Icewing's voice shattered Mistpaw's train of thought. "Could you come over?"

Mistpaw turned around and stared at her.

Thick wads of honey were dripping from a massive beehive hanging above her, far above in the trees. Sticky gold liquid plonked onto

the ground and lazily moved towards her.

Mistpaw blinked.

The honey was gone.

But it was still there, somehow, approaching in her mind like the sinking feeling in her stomach.

"...Mistpaw?"

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

Everything is fine.

"I'm coming." Mistpaw told her, and started walking.

It was only a few yards.

The yards transformed into miles, slowed by a mass of flowing thick honey. One step. Two step. Like climbing through foam blocks in a

pit that was steadily getting deeper and deeper the further you tried to move.

Then abruptly she was in front of Icewing, and she knew alone from her expression that nothing was fine.

"...I'm so sorry, Mistpaw, I..."

Mistpaw kept walking past her.

"Where are you...? Oh, don't-"

She stepped further in, into the trees, to the group of people hurriedly moving back and forth. Doing something.

The honey grew thicker. More of it streamed down from above. Bees buzzed madly in her ears.

"..."

Mistpaw stopped walking.

The honey crept up, up, up, swallowed her shoulders and neck in thick gold stickiness.

Greypaw's blank eyes stared at her, at the honey encroaching upon her. Red splattered across the snow beneath him, like someone shattered a bottle of ink on a plain page of white paper. His skull was crushed in, smashed with blood and something wet. It looked as if a gaping, wet, dark mouth had opened up in his head only for its presence to swallow him whole. Maroon flecks dotted Greypaw's skin, as small and insignificant as tiny wildabeests across a paraire of yellow grass- as insignificant as this paused moment would be, in comparison to the grand scale of the universe spinning around them.

Mistpaw folded in on herself, paper being pressed fluidly into a final bend, into a shape that could rest on a shelf or desk proudly. A paper crane. The cold snow melted into her knees, just one cold, damp expanse of whiteness and ice. Honey engulfed her whole, sticky and suffocating and thick.

Greypaw was dead.

A.N:.....

I....

felt...

like...

killing...

someone.

Greypaw was the perfect someone. Also this actually turned out shorter than expected.

Is there anyone reading this?

I mean, is there anyone reading interested in what happens next? Or should I make another warrior cats as humans part (refer back to my explanation on how this book works if you don't understand what I mean by 'part').